A Pleasant Comoedie,

Wherein is merily shewen:

The wit of a Woman.



LONDON
Printed for Edward White, *and*
are to be sold at the little North
doore of Paules Church at the signe
of the Gun. 1604.

A

The Interlocutors.

Balia	an olde Schoolemistris.
Bario	an olde Merchant.
Nemo	a Phisitian: and aged.
Ferio	a Lawyer: and in yeares.
Dorio	an olde Captaine.
Veronte	a young Gentleman, Sonne to *Bario*.
Filenio	Sonne to *Dorio*.
Gerillo	Sonne to *Nemo*.
Rinaldo	Sonne to *Ferio*.
Erinta	Daughter to *Bario*.
Lodouica.	Daughter to *Dorio*.
Gianetta	Daughter to *Nemo*.
Isabella	Daughter to *Bario*.
Bragardo	a Ruffian.
Bizardo	his man.
Sir Lawrence,	a priest.
Misa	an olde Sicke woman,
Billa	a young wench.
Dano	a sicke Marchant.
Giro	a Vinteners Boy.

The Prologue.

YOuth and Age were both in loue,
Either ſought their haps to prooue:
When in fine, a womans wit:
Did in Reaſon, Nature fit.
Age was coſened, yet contented,
Youth was pleas'd, and not repented:
Loath I am to tell you all:
Ye ſhall ſee what will befall,
Merrie ſporte without hurt ment,
Is the end of our intent.

Actus 1. Scæ. 1.

Enter Balia with the Wenches.

Balia, Merilla, Isabella, Gianetta, Erinta.

Ba. GEntlewomen, in trueth I am sory to see how you tryfle out the time, without either good to your selues or credite to me: your parents thinke their charge lost: I thinke my paines lost, and you will finde your time lost: good Lord, what shall I saye to you? I know I shall haue more anger for you, then euer I shall get good by you: nay, it is too true, looke on me as you list: *Erinta*, let me see hither your worke: good stuffe, is it not? in trueth not a true stitch in it; in deed, I will haue it all pickte out: why, what doe yee meane?

Er. Truely mistresse, I haue had such a paine in my head, that I can scarce holde open mine eyes, and therefore blame me not for my worke, when I am better it shall bee amended.

Ba. Well, it is an olde ſaying, I heard my Grand-mother ſpeake it many a daie agóe, that good wordes makes amendes for miſdeedes: but in earneſt, if you bee not well, I praie you lay by your worke, and take your pleaſure, either at your Lute or dauncing, or what it pleaſe you: and if you thinke it not amiſſe, you ſhall haue maiſter Doctors opinion for your health?

Er. I thanke you forſooth, euen as it ſhall pleaſe you.

Ba. Well *Merilla*, let me ſee your Cuſhin-work: oh Lord, heere is a great fault, in trueth your colours are not wel mingled, beſides it is not euen laid.

Ne. Truely forſooth, I had not enough of the white, and therefore I was forced to take of the Carnation, as neere it as I could; which being of a bigger ſort, could not lye ſo euen as I would haue had it, but truely I haue done my beſt in the working of it.

Ba. A ſufficient excuſe can not be refuſed, and therefore I will blame my ſelfe for this fault. But, *Iſabella*, I pray you what flouriſh is this that you haue made heere?

Iſa. Why? forſooth, ſuch as you bad mee for the Coife: for there is not threed ynough for the kirtell, till you ſend for more.

Ba. Intruth you ſaie true: good Lord helpe mee, I ſee I grow olde, my memory doth ſo fayle me: but I praye you beare with me, and put me in minde to ſend for ſome in the morning.

Iſa. Yes forſooth.

Ba. Now *Gianetta*, what haue you written? looke you, a faire maide, and make ſuch foule blottes, and not a ſtreight line? all awry, all awry, I pray you let it be mended.

Gia. Truely forſooth my pen is nought, and my ſchoolemaiſter will not mende it, beſides my booke was not ruled, he was in ſuch haſte that hee would ſcarce tary to write my copie.

Ba. Yes

Ba. Yea, is the gentleman so lustie? marrie hee shall be talked with all; what doth he thinke to haue his money for nothing? wel, I am glad I know it: but gentlewomē, let me intreate you, euen for Gods sake, as you are together in my house, as sisters, you will liue, agree, and loue together as sisters. Your parents are friends, and so I hope will continue, and so I pray you, doe yee. I haue no children of mine owne, and therefore she that vseth me most kindly, shall not finde me least thankfull: and to begin with a bonde of loue, let me intreat you to ioyne hands and hearts together, and let there be no name henceforth, but sister among yee; nor call me other then mother: For though in my person I am not worthy, in my loue I will deserue it.

They all ioyne hands with this word Sister.

We are content most willingly.

Balia. Well gentlewemen, I doubt not but this kindnes wil continue: I shall bee glad to see it, and for that I know yee would be glad to take the ayre, I will euen leaue ye awhile to your selues: take your pleasures, and at your good times come in. *Exit Balia, manent cæteri.*

Erin. Sister *Isabella*, what ayles thy melancholly of late? come, put it off, it becomes thee not: I am sure you are not making of verses: And for State matters, let vs gouerne men, and men gouerne matters.

Isa. Yea, twere well if it could be so.

Mer. And why not?

Gie. Because we haue nothing but eyes and tongues, and they haue eares and hearts.

Er. Yea, but our Eyes may gouerne their hearts, and our tongues their eies.

Gia. Ha, ha, ha.

Mer. What laugh you at?

Gi. At your idle humors, to thinke that the will of a woman should rule the wit of a man.

Er. Of

Er. Of a man? y a a thousand and more to: for if euer thou hast red stories, or markt courses, then thou wilt finde that al the wit they haue, all the bookes they read, al the courses they take, is but to please vs.

Gie. Mary Buffe.

Mer. Why, when wee haue our wils, are we not at their wils? we laugh at a little time of their suing, but thinke not of long time of our seruing.

Er. Seruing, what our selues? For doeth not the Lawyer pleade all his cases, to beautifie our cases? doe not the Clyents gold come to our golden Iewels? doeth not the soldiers perils maintaine our peace? the Physitians fees are they not our tribute? and the merchants aduenture our gaine? in briefe, who so stout as dare offend vs? who so rich but will be poore for vs? who so wise but will commend vs? who so noble, but will honour vs? and who so mad but will sweare to loue vs?

Gie. Oh, but when they flatter vs, they abuse vs, and whe we flatter our selues, they haue the hand of vs. But how doe they vse vs when they haue vs?

Er. How I pray you?

Gie. I [illegible] tell you as I haue heard: if we be wittie, they will play with vs like Apes: If fooliſh, they will skorne vs like Asses: if fayre, like pictures make vs gaye to looke vpon; if foule, keepe vs like Owles to laugh at: And the house must bee kept as a prison, or else called gazers, or gossips: cookes of their dyet, Launders for their linnen, seruants for charge, and companions but for idlenes.

Er. Who told thee this tale? but what saist thou? *Merilla*, art thou of her minde?

Me. No. we will be the treasures of their charge, the commanders of their seruice, the comfort of their hearts, the honour of their thoughts, and the ioy of their spirits: or els wee will none.

Gie. Then

Gia. Then I feare yee will leade Apes in hell.

Ne. No, tush, thats but a iest of a deuill in the world?

Er. Well sisters, Let not vs disagree vpon husbandes, but, if there come any to our mindes, let vs haue about with our witts, to fit our wils to the full.

Gre. I pray God it be not ill speede, to the foole.

Er. Tush, ware had I wist, and good enough: but harke Sirra, tell me one thing, if it fall out, as tis like enough, that we hap to light on some such creatures, as wee call louers: shall we playe the good girles, and aske, and keepe one an others counsell?

Isa. The tone is easier then the tother.

Er. A forfeit in them that fayle.

Isa. What?

Ner. Breach of friendshippe.

Er. Content; but I doubte wee haue prated too long, our mother will hange the lippe, or knit the brow, or deuise one dumpish countenance or other, and therefore let vs goe in, and keepe her in tune, while she is well.

Isa. Content, a good motion; for in trueth I haue a litle worke to doe, that I had almost forgotten. *Exeunt*

Enter Fileno, and Veronte at one doore, and Rinaldo, and Gerillo at an other doore.

Fi. A matche.

Ri. At what?

Ver. At Tennis.

Ger. Tis too hot.

Fi. What then, shall we beidle?

Ri. No, twere better bewell occupied.

Ver. About what?

Ri. Will ye ioyne issue, if I pleade the case?

Ger. Wee two to yee two, at what ye vvill, and vvhen you vvill.

Ver. Nay, we foure to other foure, at a match worth the making.

Rin. It shall bee a bad match that I will refuse my friend.

Fi. And I am for yee.

Ger. Come on, set our feete together, crosse hands aloft: now let him lacke hands and feete, that with his heart faints, or with his hand failes, the true duetie of a friend be it, life or death. Amen.

All say Amen.

Ver. Now my maisters, wee foure wagges to foure mad wenches, our crosse sisters, let vs to our wits, to laye them abroad for their Loues, and though some of our parents seeme not to fauour vs in such courses, let vs doe them as little offence, and our selues as much good as we can.

Fi. A good motion.

Rin. Ile make one, lay the plot and let me alone for my part.

Ger. And I mine.

Ver. Then haue at ye for a double game, wel, we will be more our selues: and yet our selues: you are Sir *Nimble*-heeles, and you shall bee a dauncing schoole-maister to teach the wenches to daunce: so when you haue your mistresse, hange your selfe, if you can not teach her a right hit it, both in time and place to iumpe euen with the instrument.

Ger. Well Sir, I vnderstand you, I am for you, and wil be ruled by you.

Ver. For you Sir, you are *dominus literatus*, yee shall be maister Doctor of Fi-sicke, and now and then goe visite your patient, and as you feele your Pulse, so thinke of the disease, with the secrete of the Cure.

Fi. Sir, you are wise, I am not simple: but I can consider of those compounds, and how to apply them to the

place

place agrieued.

Ver. Now for you Sir, you are *Apelles* for your artificial ſpirit, and when you come to the mount of *Venus*, if your Penſill fall, giue ouer your occupation: but in any wiſe be ſure of good ſtones for the grinding of your colours.

Rim. Well Sir: I haue inſtruction enough for the perfecting of my worke, which if it be not like my ſelfe, let me bee counted a Bungler.

Ver. Now, for my ſelfe, I will be an odde prettie fellowe with a penne in mine eare, in the ſhew of a Schoolemaſter, that ſhall teach to read and write, and if I doe not learne my ſchollers kindly to ſpel, & put together, I wil looſe my wages for my labour. But, let vs looſe no time, but for now we know what to do, be going about our buſines. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bario and Doctor, Lino.

Bar. Maiſter *Doctor*, in truth you haue a moſt ſweet child vnto your daughter, & if it were not to make you too proud, I would tell you ſhee will need no great Dowry for her preferment in mariage.

Doc. Sir, you haue taught mee what to ſaie, if I could ſpeake, but if ſhe is a good foile to your Diamonde.

Bar. They ſaide, after the old prouerbe; that the *Crowe* thinkes her bird of a fayre feather: but truely it is not ſo with me; for, I muſt confeſſe, though I can not thinke mine deformed, yet for complexion, you haue a Paragon: I can not tell whither your Art help any thing in the perfecting or preſeruing of it.

Doc. Well Sir, your commendation cannot miſconceite mine opinion, I hold her fayre that is gratious, and wiſe that is thrifty, and honorable, that is vertuous; ſo may I liue to ſee my daughter, I ſhall be a glad father: if otherwiſe, what I cannot helpe, I muſt be ſory for.

Bar. Indeede patience is a remedy for many hurts, and for my ſelfe, I will follow my wifes counſell, who often-times in her life time, would tell mee this touching my children: Nature is no brother, and youth is an age of imperfection, and labour without pleaſure, is but a dulling of the ſpirit; and therefore haue an eye, but not a hand ouer them: for a good nature is rather awed with loue, then amended with feare: and, euen as ſhe wiſhed me, haue I done, and will doe; commende what I ſee good, and wincke at a litle fault; for loue is tender, and griefe is ſooner taken then remooued.

Doc. You ſpeake like a kinde father, that may bee ioyfull in ſuch a daughter: But, what ſaye you of your ſonne?

Bar. A wagge, a wagge, I rather praye for him, then loue him, and yet being mine owne, when I remember my youth, I can the better hope of his elder yeeres.

Bal. Why, indeede, hee is a gallant gentleman, of a noble ſpirite, and knoweth what he doth, how merrily ſoeuer hee make a countenance.

Bar. In trueth I hope ſo well of him, that though hee weare a feather, he will not throwe awaye his hat, but I would wiſh that hee had a litle of your ſonnes ſalt in his braynes.

Doct. My boyes, alas, hee is a meere freſh-man, and yet though I hope hee will be no knaue, I would be loath to ſee him a foole: but looke you who commeth yonder: Gentle-men, a fayre daie befall yee: no offence to your kindneſſe: whence come yee? I will not aske whither goe yee.

Enter Giro and Ferio.

Gir. Well ſaid Maiſter Doctor, take a ſcholler without a tricke

a tricke, and set a fyre on his Library. But Sir, to leaue eloquence in plaine honestie: we came from mistresse *Balias* house, where if you had beene with vs, yee might haue heard some musicke: and for you mistresse *Bario*, let mee not make you proude, your daughter sings like a Nightingale; and maister Doctors daughter playes, it would do one good to heere her.

Bar. I thanke you Sir, for your good reporte wee will euen make a steppe to see howe they doe, and yours to: For I am sure they are not behinde hande with desarts of commendations: What saie you Signior *Ferio*?

Fer. Faith mine, her mistresse sayeth, hath an excellent hande at her needle: and for an apt hand to writing, I must confesse, shee is worthy prayse: But I perceiue yee are going thither, and therefore we will leaue you to your iudgements of our reporters.

Bar. I thanke you maister Doctor, you will beare mee company.

Doc. Yea sir, with all my hart. *Exeunt Bar. & Doctor.*

Manent Ferio & Giro

Ferio. Maister *Giro*, truely mistresse *Balia* is a good old woman, howe carefull and how kinde, shee is rather like vnto a mother, then a mistresse: and truely me thinkes the wenches loue like sisters, it were pittie that they should be parted.

Giro. For mine, shee shall not part from her mistresse, till she haue a maister that she may be bold with, and for your daughter, I would she had as good a husband as I could wish her.

Fer. I am sure you would wish her no bad one for her mothers sake: but I would that shee had no worse then your Wife had; though I saye it to your face: and

for

for mine owne part, young fellowes are so light-headed, that it is twentie to one, to bee well bestowed, except he be eyther a foole, that will bee ruled, or a *Phœnix* that cannot bee found.

Gri. Nay softe, say not so, Some coltes are back to young and some at full age, a good rider doth much that can and will marke the nature of the horse.

Fe. So, some Mares may bee younger bellied then other, and then the Coltes will bee but Tittes, except the Sire bee the better, but let the Iades alone, and speake plainely to the purpose,

Gi. Then to the purpose, liberty is a way to will, and ease to wantonnes, and when wenches haue the head, a snaffle wil not holde them in.

Fe. Why then to be a bridell, and yet too much keeping in makes them the madder to get out, but as for ours we haue no neede to bee affraide of sparrow-blasting, their mistris keepes them euer so well occupied, that they haue no time to be idle.

Gi. I cannot tell what you talke of occupying, this writing in a wench may make ill worke with a man, which letters may conuey more knauerie, then tongues may bee heard to speake of.

Fe. Yea but what thinke you of dauncing and singing?

Grin. Pretty qualeties, the one to bee witche them that heare them, the other to heare such as will talke with them, and vnder the shape of a man, to heare a Deuill in a Maske.

Fe. Oh you are an old Colt, but yet, speake more charitably; the vse is it that makes or marres, the qualities are decent, and necessary.

Gi. Yea but they marre huswifery, they drawe companie, and aske cost.

Fe. Why, is it not better to honour wit, then to be troubled with folly?

Gi. Oh

Gi. Oh the cunning of nature needes no art, and what wemen, are we, men can tell.

Fe. Why, haue you ben so met with all? truely, I am perswaded, that you are not yet so paste the worlde, that you would cast your cappe at a sweete creature.

Gir. I am content to make you my iudge, because I will be quittance with your conceite: but, mee thought I hard you saie euen now, that you were to goe to the part about your pinnisses, that is lately come in from the Straites: let not me be a hinderance to your busines, wee shall meete againe, and whensoeuer you will, I will beare you company to mistresse *Balias*.

Fe. I thanke you Sir, with all my hart for putting mee in remembrance, I had almost forgotten my selfe: you may see how good companie passeth the time awaye: when I goe I will send you word.

Gi. I thanke you sir. *Exit Feria.*

Giro solus.

Well, I see wit goes not all by age, nor loue by reason: for then should not I exceed my selfe in affecting that which will increase my folly: but against death there is no medicine, nor any argument to stand with loue: and therefore since I am in by the weeke, let me looke to the yeere: *Feria* daughter is fayre, well, and beautie is worth the looking on, so, and she is wittie: and that is worth the thinking on, true: and she is kinde and that is worth the lighting on: well, but I am olde, and that is not worth the looking on, true, and I am foolish, and that is not worth the thinking on, so: and I froward, and that is not worth the lighting on, right: so thē she is fayre, witty, and kinde, and I am old, foolish and froward: and how then shall wee come to the matter: no reason to hope of it; yet fortune doth much in fansie, & wealth pleades strongely with a wench: yea to make a foole of him that hath it, and will part with it: well, I am rich, and will be

bountifull

bountifull, for I am louing and so farre in loue, that I will be a foole to haue my fortune: and therefore *Gianetta* I will come to see my daughter, but it shall bee for thy sake, for tis thee I loue, thine eyes haue holde of my hart, and thy hand shall rule the whole world that I haue: but al this is nothing: I must, If I haue any wit, now worke it to her will, and so I will, my daughter shall be the meane, and mistris *Balia* shall not say me nay: crownes must flye, and they shall walke, for they neuer did me better seruice. *Exit*

Enter Filenio now called Niofell, and his seruant Goffo, now called Foggo.

Fi. Foggo, Set vp the Table, now sir, first secrezy for your life, not to reueale my trust, and for our better gaine to draw our patients.

Gof. You Sir, for I am neither Phisitian nor Apothecary nor Surgen, but for a woman, and that for one disease.

Nio. What is that sir?

Fog. The vnila: putting vp of the vnila.

Neof. Go to sir knaue, no more rogry, but tend your busines, and marke what I tell you.

Fog. Well sir, mine eares, mine eyes, my minde and heart and all are prepared, to heare, note, remember and performe your commaund.

Niof. Then Sir waite without the doore, and talke with the patient of the disease, and tell me what they say before they come in, but bring in their Vrinalls.

Fog. Tis done Sir, he wayteth there.

Enter veronte with his Table.

Ver. Well heere will I hang vp my Table: and if my hand faile me not, and my penne carry Inke, well, I beleeue I will teach some such a lesson, as shall make them remember mee the better while they liue, but I long to heare of

Mistris

miſtris *Balia*, who I heard wonted one to teach a young Gentlewoman or two in her houſe, I wil ſtay within awhile it may be I ſhall haue better lucke then I looke for. *Exit. to his houſe.*

Enter Gerillo with a Fidler.

Rinaldo hanges out pictures.

Rin. Come let vs goe, the clocke hath ſtrooke, & Miſtris *Balia*, will chide if we keepe not houres: play mee a galiard that I made laſt.

He plaies, the other daunceth, and ſo Exit.

Enter diuers patients : one neate Maiden, and anolde woman, one rich Cittizen, Foggo *entertaine them.*

Fog. Siſter you are welcome: I pray you my maiſters, ſtay a little, my maiſter is buſie with my Lord *Nemo*, and is ſent for to my Lady *Nulla*: yee did well to come betimes, hee had bin gone elſe before your comming, but harke you Siſter, tell truely how long you haue bin ill, when your paine tooke you firſt, and where it holdes you moſt?

Maide. Truely ſir a month agoe, it tooke mee with a ſtitch ſomewhat lower then my heart, and makes mee fall into qualmes many times, eſpecially faſting.

Fog. Enough, you Granam what ayle you, the tooth-ache?

Olde wo. Oh ſir you are a merrie man, no tis my head: I haue had it this fiue yeares and vpwards: I tooke it with a colde, and thereupon falles ſo in mine eyes, that I can ſcarce zee.

Fog. Oh you are almoſt blinde for age, and yet with the little owlight ſhee hath, ſhe hath ſpyed ſome young knaue, that muſt rippe vp her gold bagges, to rumble her olde

bones, well you ſhall ſpeake with my Maiſter by and by, but ſtand by a little: now to you Sir, I pray, where is your moſt paine? lies in my left ſide, and ſomewhat ſtuffed in my ſtomacke, and a little ſwelling in my feete.

Fog. Well enough, he hath the Gout, the droppſie and the pox, and yet all will not kill him: well I pray yee come in with me, I will bring ye to him one after an other. *Exeunt*

Enter Bario *and the Doctor from* Balias *houſe.*

Bar. Now maiſter Doctor how thinke you of my daughter, hath ſhee not profited well for the little time that ſhee hath been heere at miſtris *Balias* houſe? I hope to ſee her a fine girle: and her miſtris tels mee of an excellent fine dancer, that teacheth verie well, if he be not to deere he ſhall goe to her.

Doc. Nay ſtand not vpon coſt, for had my wench ſo good a grace, and ſuch a perſon, I ſhould thinke no coſt to much, to inſtruct her in any thing that might doe her good: yet indeede theſe dauncers, ſometimes do teach them trickes, aboue trenchmore, yea & ſometimes ſuch la voltas, that they mount ſo high, that you may ſee their hey nony, nony, nony no.

Bar. Why how now, a Muſitian Maiſter Doctor? what ſhall we haue a ſong?

Doct. You may ſee a man thinkes not alwaies of that which hee ſpeakes: my minde to tell you truth was of an other matter: But Sir, I perceaue your daughter is ſomewhat inclined towards the greene ſicknes, and if it pleaſe you, I will ſee her now and then, & miniſter ſomething vnto her, that ſhal bee for her health.

Ba. I thanke you ſir, I pray you doe ſo: I will not bee vngratefull

vngratefull for any good that you ſhall doe her, but for that I thinke you are going homeward, and I muſt to the State houſe about a little common-wealthes buſineſſe, I will take my leaue of you, til wee meete againe, & thanke you for your good company. *Exit.*

Doc.Sol. I thanke you ſir, well, is hee gon? nowe let mee talke a little to the winde: for I hope there is no body heares mee: a hem, well I muſt cleere this ſame rough throate of mine, ah how age alters the condition of nature? I was when I was young, a fine fellowe, and had my ſpirit as full of life as a wagtayle, but now the caſe is altered, and yet me thinkes I am this day younger by twentie yeares then I tooke my ſelfe for: Why? God helpe me, I am not olde, and beſides I hope I haue an Elixar, that ſhal reſtore ſtrength to me at my pleaſure: But let me ſee, there is a diſeaſe called loue, that is in many incurable: for eyes and harts and hands, & other parts are much troubled, in the trying of meanes for the true curing Medicine: now the diſeaſe I haue, and what followes? *Medicus cura teipſum.* Phiſitian cure thy ſelfe: no it is *Erinta*, muſt helpe me, or els, *contra vim mortis non eſte medicamor in horti*: When the eye hath wounded the heart the ſpirits muſt be pleaſed ere the mind can be at reſt: Loue or death: there is but two pointes, and which is moſt fitteſt for age? I feare the Sonne can teach the father, but ſoft awhile, *proximus egomet mihi*: I loue my ſonne, but I loue my ſelfe better, and *Erinta* beſt, who I hope thou doſt perceiue it: but if I can, ere long ſhe ſhal better vnderſtand it, for there is not a ſecret in nature, nor a tricke in Arte that I wil not trie for my loue: but I doubt I haue ſome patients ſtaying for me at home, and therefore I will diſpatch them, and then plot the beſt I can for my buſineſſe. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter the patients going home:

Old wo. Daughter, how like you of this young doctor? truely hee is a great learned man: why, hee told mee my paine, and when it tooke me, and how it holdes me, and euery thing so right; truely he is a wondrous fine man.

Maid. And so hee is, no man in the world could haue gone finelyer to work with me: I had not scarce fiue wordes with him, but hee told mee euery thing as true as I am heere, and dispatcht me presently, and I thanke him of his kindnes: hearing me saye I was but a poore wenche, would take nothing of me, but willed me to come to him in the morning, and he would minister that to mee should helpe me; I warrant him he is a kinde man, and if I liue I wil be with him betimes.

Old wo. And he tooke not much of me, but that he had, I gaue him with a good will: For, indeed he is a gentle person, and a litle powder he hath giuen me to drinke with a cup of Sacke to bedward: And I will follow his counsell truely, that I will. Oh, these Outlandish-men are full of skill, I see by them. I would I could get him home to my house, truely I may hap trye whither he will taste of an olde Hen, as well as a young Pullet, for in trueth he is a fine man.

Maid. Mother, I promise you, he no sooner had me by the hand, and felt mee by the wrestes, but he made my heart tickle in my belly. But mother, my way I thinke lyeth not your waie, and therefore I will take my leaue on you, till we meete againe.

Old wo. I thanke you hartely for your kinde company. God blesse you, and send you well to doe.

Maid. And you to good mother. *Exeunt*

Enter Doctor Louers with Sig. Bario.

Bar. Maister Doctor, I heare that there is an excellent Painter come lately to the Towne, & for that, fathers some-

time

time loue to looke vpon their children, though it bee in a picture: I will see if I can agree with this new stranger for the drawing of my daughters counterfeit.

Doc. A good motion, and if he be so good a workeman, as he hath the name for, he shall earne some money of me to for mine: Come I pray you, let vs goe to his house and enquire for him: and now I remember me, my girle told mee, that her mistresse promised to helpe her to a good schoolemaster, shall wee see what this fellow doth that hangs out his Table?

Bari. Content: *They knock at the doore.*

Ri. You are welcome Sir: what is your pleasure?

Bar Are you the writer of these hands?

Ri. For fault of a better.

Bar. And what take you for a head?

Ri. Ten crownes.

Doc. And in what time?

Ri. Three moneths.

Ba. Well, I haue a daughter, and so hath this gentleman my friend an other, they are both heere at mistresse *Balias* house: if you will take paines, and that they profit, you shall haue sixteene Crownes for them both.

Ri. Sir, I sildome take lesse then my pryce: yet being together, I can the better attend them: I am content with your worships good will.

Bar. Then hold you, there is foure crownes, goe to mistresse *Balias*, and aske for mistresse *Isabella* and *Gianetta*, and saie you came from their fathers: I pray you do so.

Ri. I will Sir: I know the house, it is neere the Church.

Bar. The same; God be with you. *Exit.*

Now maister Doctor, I pray you let vs talke with the Painter.

Doc. With all my heart, by your leaue Sir: Who is within heere?

Enter Verante.

Ver. What would you Gentlemen?

Doc. Is this your worke?

Ver. It is Sir: if it pleaſe you to goe in, I will ſhew you better pieces. *Exeunt into his houſe.*

Enter Neoſilo, Dines, and Foggo.

Di. Maiſter Doctor, I thanke you for your kindneſſe, & I beſeech you beare me company to my coſen *Balias* houſe, where I know you ſhall be welcome: there is a yong gentlewoman, ſomewhat giuen to the greene ſicknes, and if you can cure her, I tell you ſhe hath a father that will ſoundly recompence your paines.

Neof. Sir, I will willingly beare you company, and doe my beſt endeuour to do you good, and for the gentlewomā, I will warrant you helpe her.

Din. I pray you Sir, then let vs be going, for I would euen bring you thither, and be going about a little earneſt buſines: but after a day or two, I will ſee you againe.

Neof. At your pleaſure Sir.

Fog. Maſter, will you leaue no body at home to talke with your patients? you may looſe you know not what.

Neof. Thou ſayeſt well, and therefore do you goe home and ſtaie till I come, I will haſten home againe.

Exeunt Neoſi and Dines, manet Foggo.

Fog. Oh, heere is no knauery, olde men may teach to ſpell, but young folkes will put together. My maiſter a phyſition for a wench that is ſicke of the Rabbot: I thinke there was neuer ſuch a wagge borne: oh, how hee can counterfeit ſobriety, talke ſo learnedly, and tell wonders ſo truely, that fooles admire him, wiſe men come to him, and wenches loue him out of all reaſon; hee hath gotten his wordes ſo fit for his

his purpose, his complexions, and constitutions, and obseruations, the time of the moone, and the houre of the daye, and such a deale of tittle tattle, that who but maister doctor? but well, all this winde shakes no corne: he is gone to a patient, that if hee finde the right vaine, hee will helpe her of a greene sicknes: well, good fortune bee his guide: but who commeth yonder, a Patient? I must be wise.

Enter the Maide with an Vrinall.

Maid. By your leaue, good Maister *Foggo*: I pray you is your sweete maister within?

Fog. No indeed, but he will by and by: but here you mee; your payne lyeth beneath your hart, you told me as I remember.

Maid. True Sir.

Foggo. And it holdes you by fits?

Maid. It is so.

Foggo. A quaming?

Maid. Right.

Foggo. And haue not you some-time a minde to many things?

Maid. Now and then, if a thing like me, I shall thinke of it, a good while after.

Fog. And you are not well till you haue it?

Maid. In trueth Sir, I thinke you haue some of your maisters skill; good Lord, how happie are you that can learne such cunning? you can neuer want money nor friends.

Fog. Indeed wee do not beg for money, though we praye for the ill-health of rich people: for one mans hurt is an others good; it is an euill winde blowes no man to goods; but for friendes, a man may haue woney, and yet bee without a friend to his minde: for if I had a minde to such a friend, as your faire selfe, how should my cunning compasse your kindnesse?

Maid Oh

Maid. Oh then, I perceiue your maiſter hath not yet taught you that poynt of his skill: But you are a merrie man that loues to ieſt.

Fog. Why? hang ſorrow, twill not buy a Pipe, but if in earneſt I might hope to haue but my loue accepted, which is more then I ſpake of before: I will learne ſo much of my maiſters cunning, as ſhall ridde thee of all diſeaſes, and wee will liue as merrily as the day long.

Maid. What meane you? Winter or Summer?

Fog. Why, what skilles whither?

Maid. Oh yes, a winters night is long, and the daye is ſhort.

Fog. And what then?

Ma. Oh, we may laugh at firſt, and weepe at laſt.

Fog. Tuſh, feare no foule weather, a faint heart neuer followed a fayre wench to the high wood, and ſhe that will not venter her egges, ſhall neuer haue Chickens.

Maid. Good Lord, who would haue thought you had bene ſuch a huſwife? a husband I would haue ſaid: for indeed, ſometime groomes will grope Hennes: but truely Sir, men are ſo full of mockes, that I knowe not what to ſaye.

Fog. Why ſaie as I bidde you.

Maid. Aſſe how I pray you?

Fog. I *Figga*, take thee *Foggo*,

Fig. I *Figga* take thee *Foggo*,

Fog. To my wedded husband,

Fig. What a prieſt to? in trueth you are a merry man indeed; but you haue nere a ring nor a booke; go to, go to, I ſee you do nothing but floute; I pray you will you helpe mee to your maiſter?

Fog. If you will ſtay his comming.

Fig. Yes with all my heart.

Fog. Come on your waies then, and wee will talke further

of

of the matter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bario and Master Doctor with the Painter.

Bar. I pray you Sir bring home that peice in your owne Chamber, to mee to my house, we will not breake for a little, and the perspectiue in your Hall to my friend Master Doctors, you shall haue ready money for them, but in any wise I pray you goe to mistris *Balias*, and looke vpon the Gentlewomen, and let them fit you out of hande, you shall bee pleased to your content.

Rin. I thanke you Sir.

Bar. What say you Maister Doctor shall it be so?

Doct. With al my heart: I pray you doe so, and I pray you haue a care in your worke, it will not gaine you a little credit in this towne.

Rin. I warrant you sir, take mee for a shadowe if I touch not the substance of the life. *Exit.*

Bar. Well maister Doctor, how goes the worlde that you are so melancholly?

Doc. An ill humor that I haue, a desire to haue any qualitie that is commendable in any man, I could wish that I could drawe a counterfet as well as he.

Bar. Tush man you would not leaue your deeper studdies for such idle Imaginations, you are for the life, and hee is for the death.

Doc. Nay we are for the death, and hee for the life, for poets and Painters, are euer bound to pleasing secrets: to me for the body, the tother for the minde, and we are bound to secrezie but tis when minde and body are both out of temper.

Ba. The more is your gaine.

Doc. Yea but that is not alwaies best pleasing.

Bar. Why so?

Doc. Because

Doc. Because sometime we are like women, wee long for that wee see but cannot haue.

Bar. Go to I say, I see you are your selfe still, your wife would say you would not be pleased with one dish, but I pray you tell me in rules of Phisicke, haue you no medicine for the malady of the minde?

Doc. Yes, for any but loue, and for that nothing but the beloued: for it is an olde true verse before wee were borne. *Hec mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Bar. No? yes they say there is an herbe called good speed, that laide vnder the beds-head all night, and carried in ones bosome in the morning,

Doc. Will make him a foole all day after, tush these are stale iestes: but what should we talke of these toyes? I am sure I am past it, and I hope you doe not so much as dreame of it: but *Bario* if you or any of yours bee at any time diseased, acquaint mee with it, and you shall finde mee your honest friend.

Ba. I knowe it Sir and will deserue it, but I doubt you haue some hast home, and therefore I will not holde you to long.

Doc. I thanke you sir, indeede I appointed a patient or two, to bee at my house about this houre, and therefore I will take my leaue.

Bar. Nay wee will goe to the Crosse and there wee will part. *Exeunt.*

Enter Balia *with the foure wenches, the Phisitian the Painter, and Schoolemaister, and the Dauncer.*

Bal. Master Doctor you are hartely welcome, I wil cause her father to thanke you, indeede shee must bee stirring about, and she must leaue eating of sower thinges: I pray you,

you tell her so: and as you will haue me your friend, haste you hither with your medicine, for the longer it growes vpon her, the worse it will be.

Rim. I haue talked with her, and tolde her as much, and you shall see a speedie amendment. Lady I will but goe home and come againe to you presently.

Issa. I thanke you sir, and I wil thanke you better, you shal be heartilie welcome. *Exit. Doctor Nemo.*

Bal. Gentlewomen, you see how carefull your parents are for yee: I pray you loose no time, fall to worke out of hand, you to your daunting, you to your writing, and you set the Painter, and you to your worke: I pray you goe not out of the Hall, till I come againe, I will bee with you euen anon. *Exit Balio.*

Erinna. Now maister Schoolemaster what say you to the world? you haue taken your profession, but for some two houres.

Ver. Yes Lady, many yeeres for your seruice, for onely for your sake, haue I taken this poore trade vpon mee to haue the better accesse vnto your person: and to creepe into your fauour.

Erin, Oh if you loue me speake not of creeping, for of all creatures, I can not abide them creepers, why creepers are wormes in the earth, todes in the ditches, Catterpillers in the trees, and Lice in the heads of poorer people. God blesse me from al such vermin: I pray thee speake of no more such figures, creepe not vp right man, and looke mee in the face, or neuer looke for fauour at my hands.

Ver. Then let mee tell you, that I haue taken this meane course to attaine the best meanes for my comfort.

Erin. Meane course, why is not the meane course the best course? the most quiet and safe? high climers may haue sore falls, if they fall not exceeding fast: & rich misers are most feard of theeues: to much beautie is more followed then honoured,

while louely browne is worthy. Gramercy, doth not the Iuſtice clarke, ſometimes liue merier then his maſter, and is not a penne, a profitable profeſſion? Oh Sir count it not meane that is honeſt: but what coppie will you ſet me?

Ver. This that I haue written.

Er. I pray you reade it.

Ver. From your faire eyes, firſt ſprang my ſweet of Loue
And from ſweet Loue, the ſweet of my deſire:
From ſweet deſire, the paſsions ſweete I proone.
And from ſweet paſsion, ſweete conſuming fire.
Of which ſweet fire, doth my ſweet ſorrow ſpring,
And ſorrowe ſweet, doth my ſweet death procure:
Of whoſe ſweet deathe, my ſweet content doth ſing,
That all is ſweet, which I for you endure.

Er. Sweet and twenty, all ſweet and ſweet, why thou ſweet Schoolemaſter, all my leſſon is of Loue, a ſweet Loue leſſon, but ſoft, let not vs haue all the talk, Siſter *Iſabella*, what ſaies your Painter? doth he worke all by ſignes?

Iſſa. No, wee ſat ſtill to heare you talke, but now you ſhall heare our chat, for I will not heare any thing but you ſhall be priuie to it: and now Maiſter Painter what ſay you to me for my drawing?

Rim. Lady I would craue your pleaſure to let me know how you will be drawne, either but a little below the breſt or at full length, and either as you came into the world, or as you walke in the world, with the ornaments of nature, or the furniture of Art; or as a Sunne in the clowde, with a lawne ouer your Beautie.

Iſſa. How now Sir? what can you paint words as well as faces? why, you will make your Arte admirable: but to draw me at length, what part will you begin?

Rim. Lady my Maiſter begin at the poinct called pray you away, for the needle ſtanding right in the middle, will leade vs the better to our iuſt meaſure.

Iſſa. Well

Issa. Well said Sir, but though Appelles were your maister, your mistris is no Venus.

Rim. But if you will be drawne as shee was, I must doe as hee did.

Issa. How I pray you?

Ri. First take my measure, and then fall to worke, and if you do not fit me with patience, I shal neuer touch the life kindely.

Issa. Goe to goodman wagge: you are a Painter of the new fashion: but what saies maister Dancer, to my sister *Gianetta*?

Gia. Little yet, but I thinke hee will say something anon, for I thinke hee hath done as I did, harken to you awhile: but looke where comes maister Doctor, now truely welcome, sister *Lodowica*, what saies your Phisitian? good maister Doctor be briefe for long diets kil the stomacke.

Lod. Maister Doctor, I pray you tell mee who is sicke you or I?

Neof. I thinke my selfe.

Lod. And in faith what is your disease?

Neof. Shall I tell you truely?

Lod. True but not lie.

Neof. The name of it is loue.

Lod. I pray you how is it to be cured?

Neof. With nothing but Loue.

Lod. What, one disease driues out an other?

Neof. No, there is the disease loue, and the remedie Loue.

Lod. then there are two loues.

Neof. No but one loue in two natures.

Lod. Which are they?

Neof. The one in desire, the other in possession: Loue to haue, and haue to loue.

Lod. Well this is too mistical, but I pray you how tooke you it?

Neof. By a looke.

Lod. Where?

Neof. In your eyes.

Lod. And how holdes it?

Neof. Continually burning.

Lod. Where?

Neof. In my heart.

Lod. And what will helpe you?

Neof. Your hand.

Lod. Good in faith, my hand muſt helpe your heart of the hurt mine eye hath done you: is this a receipt or conceite in your rules of loues Philicke?

Neof. From me a conceite, but from you a receite.

Iſſa. Well ſaid ſiſter, you are the Phyſitian, and hee is the patient, but if you be at a full point, holde your peace: there is an other ſute to bee heard, what ſay you to your Maiſter Dauncer?

Gia. You are to haſtie ſiſter, ſtay a little, wee will not haue many words before wee fall to our meaſure: Maiſter what daunce ſhall I begin with?

Ger. If it pleaſe you, a daunce that pleaſeth the beſt ſpirits of the worlde, and pleaſeth mee aboue all other.

Gia. Is it a fine daunce?

Ger. Without compariſon.

Gia. How doe you call it?

Ger. The eye.

Gia. Who followes?

Ger. The heart.

Gia. And how then?

Ger. Then when ſpirits ioyne handes, the mindes keepe true meaſure.

Gian. And howe manie may daunce?

Ger. Two may doe it alone, but the more the merrier, for thogh one Nightingale ſing the ſweet, yet when the wood is

full, the harmony is the sweeter: so though a couple may kindely, yet manie couples giue loue the better grace.

Gia. Then I see tis loues measure: haue you it prickt, or can you play it if you can come on; wee will daunce it all together, I am sure there is some kissing in it. Sisters leaue your prattle, and let vs bee merrie, and daunce all one daunce if our affections be pleased, take care for no worldes comfort: I haue a knacke in my head, that will put vs quickelie into crownes, as much as shall serue vs and all our friends?

Issa. Agreed.

Lod. And I.

Erin. I am for yee: come on Gentlemen, euen a turne and away.

They daunce: and take their leaues, with these words.

Gia. Gentlemen time makes vs briefe, our olde Mistris houre is at hand, your loues you haue vow'd: your Ladies you know: vertue be your intent, and honour your Triumph: be wise in kindnes, and happie in comfort, at your next comming wee will talke further.

They take their leaues with these words: All honour, health and happines, to vertues beauties worthines.

Exeunt Ladies to Balias *house, Manent Youthes.*

Ver. Brethren, our subtilty found, our profession, will be vnprofitable: pull downe your Tables, sute our selues, our parents will misse vs, but when they see vs, they will but kindely

kindely frowne on vs, and there is all the hurt they will do vs: they will thinke we haue bin together playing the wagges, and so leaue vs to our better courses: shall we euerie one ſute himſelfe and goe home? it is good pleaſing of olde men, they will eyther bee kinde in their liues, or bountifull at their deathes.

Ger. Content is pleaſed: I like your counſaile.

Ri. And I.

Neof. Away then, what ſtay we euen for now? the wenches are gone, and yet ſtay a little: let vs take a little view of this gallant, what he may be for a man.

Enter Bragardo with his man Bizarde.

Bragardo and Bizardo.

Bizar. How hanges my raiper? point blanke, or falles it not to Lowe? I doubt my hangers are ſomewhat to ſhort.

Bizar. No Sir, it hanges foole euen: but your Tailor hath abuſed you in your apparell, hee hath not put in ſtike enough in drawing out.

Bra. Alas it is his trade, to ſaue a ſhred to keepe for a patterne againſt an other time, if the colour be enquired for.

Biz. Why ſir? ſhall hee take out of your garment to put into anothers?

Bar. Sir you are ſo farre in hell, that thou wilt neuer come at heauen, but leaue you knauie-mary and come to a better reckenning, and anſwer mee to that I aske you and nothing elſe.

Biz. I ſhall Sir:

Bar How hanges my cloake?

Biz. Careles like your ſelfe, as you ſhould ſeeme, I meane for him that ſeemes carefull of his apparell, is counted a neate youth, or a ſpruſe Aſſe, but if hee buie it to day, weare it out

to

to morrow, and giue it away, the next day then hee is a gallant, right bred, of a true spirit, and a worthy fellow.

Brag. Why how nowe? I bad thee onely answere mee to that I demaunded: and you are commenting vpon the text.

Biz. I crie you mercy sir: what say you?

Brag. How hang my garters?

Biz. Well sir, and if euerie tassell had a bell you might be taken for a morris Dauncer: but that you want a Hobbie-Horse.

Bra. Whither now?

Biz. Oh sir: I had forgot my selfe,

Bra. What saist thou to my beard?

Biz. I feare some will say you haue robbed a *Muscouit*: another will take your face for a vizard, some will call it a lowzie bush, and some a beesome, or a broome, and some a horse taile: but for my selfe, I thinke it is a goodly sight, and sets out your face with such a Maiestie, that it makes you looke like a man.

Bra. Like a man you rascall, what? no more?

Biza. Nay sir: I pray you be no more, for if you be a Giant, poore folkes, and women and children will bee affraide of you?

Bra. Well sir, but what thinkest thou of the Ladies, will not one of them fall to my share?

Biz. Why sir? if they goe by lots, I know not how fortune will fauoure her good friendes.

Bra. Nay then, in despight of fortune, I wil lay one of them aboord: and for Mistris *Balia*, I wil not make any great sute, for if shee make the matter coy, I haue the vnguentum Aureum, the golden oyle, that once tickling her in the hand, will make her worke for me like a Mole: But what are yonder fellowes? by your leaue my maisters, what are you? whence come yee? whether goe yee? and where dwell yee?

Ver. Sir, wee are men, men of qualitie, honest men, wee

come from a place, wee are going to a place, and wee dwell at a place.

Brag. Hah, *Bragardo* what thinkeſt thou of this cõpanie

Biz. It may bee hee is a Ieſter, but if hee be, hee is no foole: but him ſir: trie him further, ſee what hee is.

Brag. Sir, by your nimble tongue it ſeemes our wit is at commaund, but may I bee beholding to you for your name, and your profeſsion?

Ver. Sir my name is *Ventero*, my profeſsion the Arte of Charactering, writing and reading and ſo forthe.

Brag. So ſir, then with al your finical eloquence, you wold be a piece of a Schoolemaſter: but are you skilfull in Characters of loue?

Ver. Yes ſir, and more then that, I can make you a Character, which if you haue a miſtreſſe, as I doubt not but you haue many) if ſhee take but a view of it, it hath a vertue ſo to worke in her eyes, that her heart ſhall be yours for euer.

Brag. And what ſhall I giue you for one of them?

Brag. I pray you let mee ſee one? *Ver.* Ten crownes.

Ver. No Sir, for the firſt that lookes on it is drawne to the loue of them that ſend it: beleeue it Sir, and as it workes the effect where you would haue it, come to me for other of more vertue, my houſe is but here by, my table hangesat my doore.

Brag. I thanke you ſir, there is your money: and what profeſsion are you of, Sir and your name.

Rim. Sir I am called, my qualitie is in the explaning of *Phiſiognomy*: or in the drawing of a counterfet neere the life, & in pure colours, in briefe I am a painter, at your ſeruice: and I ſell complexion.

Brag. What faieſt thou to this ſpringall?

Biz. Why Sir, let him goe among the wenches, for there is his beſt market, and yet I heere ſay, wenching fellowes begin to play the fooles ſo out of crie, but I hope you will

come,

come.

Brag. Yes, but I will Sir, holde your peace, Maister painter, I will be better acquainted with you, one of these daies I will haue you at my lodging, and you shall not finde your paines lost, but I pray you haue you any complexion heere about you?

Rim. Yes marry haue I sir, and that moste pure of eight crownes a Boxe, heere is two Boxes, the one white, the other red, but I would not wish to open them, til you haue neede, & then in a close chamber, for the ayre is very hurtfull to them.

Brag. I thanke you sir: as these prooue you shal haue more of my money, and perhaps I will not bee your worst customer.

Rim. I thanke you sir, my house is in the high streete, euery body can shew you to it.

Brag. Well sir, but Maister Doctor, what are you? a Lawyer or a Phisitian, and how you are called of most men Maister Doctor.

Doc. My name *Neofilo*, my profession, lenrning, my studdie the secrets of Nature, the cures of Malladies, and preseruatiues of healthes.

Brag. And sir, I pray you tell me haue yon any of those receipts about you, that may make a man seeme sweet when he comes to his mistresse, and strengthen his back, and settle his heate.

Neof. I haue sir heere a pill, and a balle: the pill you may take any time of the day, but it is best a little before meales, for it procures appetite, and sweetnes euery thing that is eaten or drunken, and giues the breath an *odoriferous* sauoure, the Bal if you hold it but a little, in your hand and after strok, your Beard, it will giue a sent, sweeter then a violet: but you must do it ofte that the sent may hold the better: heere is both the ball and the pil, the price at one worde, fourtie crownes.

Bra. I know in deede things of ſuch vertue are coſtly, you ſeeme not a man to diſſemble, but as I finde the operation of theſe, I will bee further bountifull for your counſaile: in the meane time there is your demaund: and I thanke you but now laſt of all, what may you bee Sir, your name, and your quallitie?

Ger. My name is *Logire*: my quallitie, the Inſtruction of the Limmes, in the Lineal paſſages, of the cõcords of muſick to ſpeake more plainely I am a dauncer, and teach the Arte.

Bra. Ha Sir: and what daunce is the eaſieſt to learne for one of my yeares?

Ger. Sir, if you like it, the woing daunce.

Bra. Mary with all my heart, what ſhall I giue you to learne it mee?

Ger. Sir for fiue crownes I will teach it you preſently, and for ſo much more by the month, I wil make you an excellent dauncer within a while, for you haue a noble body, and I am perſwaded your Iointes are not ſtiffe.

Bra. No, that they doe not, there is thy money, giue mee thy hand.

Ger. Come on Sir, marke how I doe, you muſt firſt kiſſe your hand, and then follow me.

He leades him a Lanolta, and ſtrikes vp his heeles, and there leaues him.

Exeunt Ger. Ver. Neo. Rim. Manent Bragardo.

Bra. Oh, my backe, *Bizardo*, is the dauncer gone?

Biz. Yea ſir, and all the reſt, I feare me to, a thouſand to one they haue all plaide the knaues with vs.

Brag. Oh no, hope the beſt, and come on, ſince I haue no more hurt: let vs along to the Ladies.

Biz. Nay ſoft maiſter, firſt looke to your wares that you haue bought: trye, you they will prooue, theſe pigges in the poakes

poakes, I haue no minde to.

Brag. Thou saiest well, come on first, for my pill, shall I put him downe?

Biza. It is no matter if yee doe, I thinke, for I hope they bee not Deuils to poyson you for your money.

Brag. Come on then, there it goes, it is sweet in the mouth, we shall see anon what it will doe: now to the complexiō, ha, what is here? black Soape? *Bizardo*, how likes thou this sent?

Biz. Foh, swoundes Sir, tis a Sir reuerence.

Bra. Well, he is a villaine, the Doctor is an honest man, and therefore I will trie a little with his Ball: yea mary this is of a right sent, well, I will rub my hand with it a little, and then see the vertue of it: but let me see, shall I see my Charactor?

Biz. Doe Maister for I feare there is knauerie.

Brag. Oh cousning villaine, I will kill him.

Biz. Why Maister?

Bra. Why, heeres nothing but a fooles cap with a cockescombe and a Bell.

Biza. Oh Roge, but what doe you meane maister?

Bra. Why dost thou aske? what ayleth thou?

Baz. Why what ailes you to pull away your Beard? Oh Lord, looke maister, heere is a little glasse, looke how you are misused, this is your honest Phisitian, a poxe take him.

Bra. Oh *Bizardo*, thou saist true, I am vndone, goe to the Ladies, alas I may goe where I will, oh my belly, now the pill workes, go let vs begon, vntrusse, goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Balia *with the foure* Ladies.

Bal. Gentlewomen, I am glad to see your kinde agreemēt God blesse it, and continue it, and Mistris *Erinta*, I pray you make haste of that handkercher, I know your father will bee glad to see you so good a work-woman, and I know it will be

worth a double ruffe to you, and ſomewhat elſe: beſides an ell or two of fine Cambrick, for your croſſe cloathes & night railes, & ſuch other neceſſaries, I heare he hath a ſhip come home from *Holland*, if he haue ere an odde piece of ordinary ſhephards Holland, I wil not beg it of him, but I pray you be my friend to him that I may haue a penny-worth in it.

Erin. Mother I dare vndertake, my Father will not ſtand with you for a little thing, and for my ſelfe you are ſure of my beſt furtherance.

Ba. I thanke you Daughter, truely I ſee you are your mothers daughter, franke and free hearted, oh ſhe was a good creature as broke bread: but heere you Miſtris *Lodonica*, for my houſe, haue you ſpoken for my leaſe? I am olde, and my life time is but a little: will hee take mine offer?

Lod. Why mother my father wil not take a pennie of you, hee hath promiſed mee you ſhall haue it for a bunch of *Apricokes*.

Ba. I thanke you good daughter, marry and hee ſhall haue the faireſt that I can get for loue or money and I will deſerue his goodnes, if it lie in my power, and I will pray for him day and night, God ſend many ſuch Lawyers as will not onely take no forfeitures, nor racke no rents. I thanke yon with all my heart, but Miſtris *Erinta* and Miſtris *Lodonica*, I pray you let mee intreate you two, to walk a little into the Garden, while I talke a fewe wordes will come with Miſtris *Iſſabella* and her ſiſter heere, by and by, wee toyee, yes forſooth

Exeunt Erinto and Lodonica, Manent, Balia and Iſſabella Gianetta.

Ba. Now Miſtris *Iſſabella*, heere you are a fore your Siſter, & you know I loue you, as deerely as you were mine own, &

ſo

so I doe in truth, but I haue a secret to tell you, that if you wil conceale, and follow my counsaile, it will bee for your good another day.

Issa. Why indeede Mother I will.

Gia. And I will be her surety.

Ba. Why then let me tell you, youth is fickle, and giddy-headed, and will sooner talke of loue, they meane it: olde men are wise and kinde and staied, and wealthie, and where they loue, they will suffer no lacke.

Issa. Why, what of this?

Ba. Is not a neate fine, comely, streigth old man that hath his head and his beard well combed, his ruffes well set, his doublet well buttoned, his pointes wel trussed, his gloues and his napkin vnder his Girdell, his hose well gartred, and his shoes black't til they shine againe, that cannot walk in the streete without cap and courtesie almost of euery one that meetes him', better then a swaggering gallant with a hayre like a Water-dogge, his band halfe in his necke, foule and wrinckled like a dish-cloute, his doublet vnbuttoned, his hose vngartered, his pointes vntrussed, and in his bootes for lacke of shooes, and a payre of gloues perfumed with sweate, and affraide to walke the streete, for the daunger of, whose suite, and haue at yee all, that comes, and shee haue a kerchiffe shee is corrant mettle? Oh thinke sweet Mistris, whether is the better choise?

Issa. What meanes all this?

Ba. I will tell you there is a Gentleman of some yeares, in playne teames, Maister *Bario*, as fine a man of his age, as liueth this day in this Cittie, who bee the other? and I dare sweare hee loues the grouud the better where you goe: And if you can finde in your heart to loue him, you shall haue a life like a Lady, why there shall bee nothing

nothing to deere for you, and you shal commaund euen what you will, you shall bee mistresse euen of all his lands, goods, yea and himselfe and all: how say you mistresse?

Issa. Yes, I thinke I could loue him a little, but if I should cast my liking vpon him, what would the world say? a young faire sweet wench, mary such a grimme, Sir she surely married his purse and not himselfe, and she wil haue a gallant in a corner, that shall and so foorth: why he must bee but a countenance: alas his date is out, hee may pray for them that may: and for her it is pittie shee should bee put to such purgatorie, and thus with a great deale of like stuffe I should bee held a good minion. but yet I care not, Mother I knowe you are wise, and therefore it is like enough I may followe your counsaile, and the rather for my sisters sake heere, whome I loue as my selfe: and being her father I cannot like him the worse.

Bar. Say you mee so Daughter? well, it may bee another day when I meete you in your Coach abroad, or finde you on your Couch at home, with your chaines and your pearles, & your cophers full of gold, then you will thanke me for my counsaile: but Daughter I know hee will be heere anon, and therefore I pray you vse him well, and you shall see what will followe, but I leaue you heere with your sister a while, anon I will come to you againe, in the meane time, I pray you thinke on my speech, I pray you doe so. *Exit. Balia.*

Issa. Is not this a prettie world? *Ianuary* and *May* make a match? it cannot be, the yeare will not suffer such vnnaturall coniunctions, but what saiest thou to it?

Gia. I say as you saie, I haue no minde to bee married to the Coughe, the Rewme, the stone, the Strangurie, the Gowte and the Dropsie, I loue not to bee a Nurse, to suckle such a babie: why wench? I am as wel cumbred, with inconuenience, my sister *Lodouicas* Father hath made her his spokes man to me, and heere his wise worship will be by and bie: so perfumed with Tobacco, that my head will ake with the sent of him

him: but looke where they bee, Sisters come on let vs sit downe, and make a short harueſt of a little corne.

Erin. Why how now? what is the matter?

Gia. Loue ſauing your reuerence, Saturne is in loue with *Virgo*, but the planets will not agree to the match: Age is in loue with youth, and nature admits no reaſon for the Capulation: but how feele you your ſelues in that vaine?

Er. Troubled to, for Maiſter Doctor would faine bee a patient in ſteede of a Phiſitian, and I muſt bee his cure: but

Gia. And what ſay you *Lodonica*?

Lod. Why the Lawyer is become a Louer, and hath forgotten all his caſes, which ſtand of a loue caſe: but I neither care for his tittles, nor his tattles: but yet I giue him faire words, becauſe he is my fathers friend.

Gia. Yea and doe ſo ſtill, for if my wittes faile mee not, wee will conſen them of their ſonnes, of their wealth, and of their wits, ere wee haue done with them. and make them all pleaſed, in ſpight of their owne hearts.

Lod. Yea marrie Sir, that were to ſome purpoſe.

Gia, Well I will doe it: heere anon will my olde Maiſter and (I thinke) my father bee: but how ere it bee, or how ere it come, my Siſter ſhall heare all, and as I begin, follow you.

Lod. Content: but look where an old Fox is peering out of his hoole: wee will be gone. *Exeunt. Lod. and Erinta.*

Enter Bario.

Gentlewomen God ſpeede you, a faire euening, how doe you? how doe you? what Daughter, how doe you with your ſhort breath? haue you taken any thing for it, was Maiſter Doctor with you?

Lod. Yes forſooth, and hee gaue mee a *Iulappe*, that doth me much good.

Bar. I am glad of it, and how doth Miſtris *Balia* and your

good company? all well?

Lod. Yea forsooth.

Ba. And mistris *Gianetta* how doe you? I am beholding to you for my Daughter heere: I would it lay in me to requite your kindenes, I wis I would.

Gia. Oh Sir, it is your pleasure to say so, I thanke you for your acceptation of nothing: but I wold it were in me to pleasure you, for I know my father loues you.

Ba. And so doe I him, and haue done a long time, and truely I haue loued you of a little one, and I remember I haue said many times, oh that I could liue to haue such a wife.

Gia. Alas Sir then you were well sped indeede, nay giue mee leaue to be your seruant:

Ba. Nay marry will I not, I can tell you, if you will like of an olde mans loue you shall bee serued and not serue: you shall bee mistris of me and mine.

Gia. Sir I doubt you speake merrily: though I must confesse my mistris beate such a matter vnto mee.

Bar. Oh, did shee, shee is an honest woman, and Daughter, you know what I saide to you, and so haue I said to your Brother, loue her, if you loue me.

Gia. In deede sir, I doe know she loueth mee; and so doe I her, but if I should be glad to deserue your kindenes, I hope you would not haue me to doe any thing to my dishonour:

Ba. Not for a worlde.

Gia. Then Sir for that the world shall not say that I come to rob your children of their portions, if you will make ouer such portions vnto them, as may be fit to giue them maintenance, if wee should chaunce to disagree, then perhaps you should finde mee kinder then I will promise till that bee done.

Ba. Kindely and wisely spoken: it shall bee done, what you will set downe I will performe.

Gia. To my Sister fiue thousand crownes, and your sonne

twentie

twentie thousand: for you are reputed to be worth a hundreth.

Ba. I am so, and will dispatch speedily what you haue required; neither will I see you before it be done, in the meane time, be kinde and true. *Exit Bar.*

Gia. Doubt you not sir.

Gia. Issabella how likest thou this beginning?

Issa. Excellent: but how shall we doe for our loues? howe shall we come by them?

Gia. Let me alone: when his goods are giuen away, I will make him giue thee away, but let vs goe in, least wee be mist too long, worke and then we will talke further of the matter.

Issa. Content. *Exeunt.*

Enter the youthes.

File. Now my Maisters this geere workes like wagges, the wenches are our owne, but how shall wee doe for liuing to maintaine our loues?

Ver. Take care for nothing: *Gianetta* wrote mee worde to day, that if I would be honest I should be rich.

Rim. Oh Brother shee will make you beleeue that if you haue her, you haue enough.

Ger. Nay let mee say for my Sister, I know her to haue a most perilous wit, and therefore if there be not some intent of good vnto vs more then we are aware of, I will neuer trust my Iudgement.

Fil. What canst thou Imagine?

Ger. I will tell you when I knowe further, for I loue no conceites.

Ver. Thus much I holde with him, some good Ale there is a brewing, for as I heare by my sisters maide who was with me this morning, she hath your father at her fingers endes.

Rim, Nay that is true, and I am affraid my father bee as farre in the foole with your sister: but if there bee a plot, God prosper the good meanings, in the meane time,

let vs hope the beſt, the worſt will helpe it ſelfe.

Fil. Nay for my ſelfe I am readie, for all fortunes, Ile take no thought, hap what will: but looke if the wenches come not abroad: ſome knauerie is in their heades, they are ſo merry: well let vs trie their patience, if wee may bee priuie to their humors.

Enter the Ladies.

Ver. Agreed.

Fil. Faire Laydies, faire fortune to your faire thoughts.

Er. Fine Gentlemen, fine wits haue fine words, you are as welcome as you can wiſh, but wee muſt craue your preſent abſence, for there is a plot laide for your good, if you hinder not the proceeding: onely this to you all, as on to morrowe in the eueuing, bee yee all heere in your beſt apparell, for yee ſhall come to ſuch a marriage as I hope you ſhall neuer ſee a-gaine: ſtand not vpon queſtions, for time is pretious, and expectation muſt bee ſatisfied: get yee home to your parents and ſee what they will doe for yee. God bee with yee.

Fil. Wee goe. *Exeunt. Manent Ladies.*

Iſſa. Siſters, what ſay you to this worlde? ſhall wee al ſtuddie olde Chronicles? bee bound prentizes to Age during life, and marry our ſelues to ſiluer heads, and ſnowie beardes: the Cough, the Rewme, the Palſie, and the Gowte? beſide a deafe Eare, a bleere eye and a Iealious humor? in truth mee thinkes it goeth againſt the harie of a good wit, to giue nature to better pleaſure.

Gia. Why haue we not be thought our ſelues, of a better courſe? haue wee not laide downe the way for our wills? there reſtes nothing now but the plot for the wedding: what ſaiſt thou *Erinta*?

Er. Marie I cannot tell what to ſay: but what you wil deuiſe, I will agree vnto.

Gia. What

Gia. What saiest than *Lodonica*? what is in your braines that you are so still?

Lod. Marie I will tell thee, my olde woer is so far in good will, that I will commaund his wits, and doe you, as I will, and see what will fall out.

Gia. Why what wilt thou doe?

Lod. Marie my Sister shall confesse that shee is assured to her sweet heart, and that to morrowe the marriage is heere to bee solemnized, when, if hee will for my sake bring a Priest with him, and giue thee as his daughter the next weeke after I am his owne: or else,

Gia. Or else what?

Lod. I liue: and yet I will giue him my faith and troth vpon it.

Er. Nay I like not that, haue you not giuen it already to my brother?

Lod. Why yes, and therfore I cannot giue him that I haue not, hee must goe to your brother for it, if he will haue it.

Er. Oh vnhappie wench! but looke who comes yonder, it is your olde stout heart, away sisters, let vs two stay heere to dispatch our businesse. *Exeunt Gia. Issa. Manent Erim. Lod. Lodonica.*

Enter Ferio the olde Lawyer.

Feri. Mistrisse *Lodonica* all good fortune befall you, I am glad to see my Daughter & you such louing friends: I would it were in her fathers power, to deserue as much of your affection.

Lod. Sir if I loue your Daughter, I cannot hate you, and knowing the home that you wish mee, I would hate my selfe to bee vnthankefull, but Sir: as I haue by my letter, which I hope you keepe secret, assured you of my good will, so if I

may obtaine one kindenes at your handes, I wil ſeale my promiſe with my faith and troth to bee youres for euer.

Feri. One kindenes, nay my loue, if it were the loſſe of all my goods, and almoſt my life, and all the friends I haue for thy ſake, forſake me, If I doe it not.

Lod. Sir, then thus it is, my Siſter *Gianet.* is to be married to M. Doctors ſonne: his father is not willing to the Marriage, but time will worke him kinde enough to his owne Sonne, and the Gentlewoman is a kinde creature being a ſcholler with you that may doe the deede: my miſtreſſe hath a ſeruice-booke, and if you will bee a father in giuing her to her husband: he you know my brother, and in your kindeneſſe to him, you binde me for euer.

Fer. Truely loue, your father is my friend, but I will looſe him and all the world for thy loue, and let me tell thee this for thy comfort in his good, it ſhall be done: and whither his father take it wel, for his liuing it is no great matter, for I haue made him ſet to his hand to a deede of my drawing where he hath paſſed, irreuocable twentie thouſand crownes to bee paide within one moneth, and fiue to thee: all which I will giue to thee to beſtowe vpon him againe: for albeit I haue made my daughter and my Sonne an eſtate preſent of good, as is according to my late promiſe vnto it, my profeſſion, & poſſeſſion ſhall bee enough for our maintenance, I warrant you.

Lod, Sir I humbly thanke you, and therfore that al things may the ſooner be diſpatched, I pray you prouide this ſchollar, and bee heere to morrow in the euening, and I am yours,

Fir. it ſhall bee don, my deere, onely loue mee and lacke nothing.

Daughter vpon my bleſsing I charge you that you holde your Siſter in as good regarde as if ſhee were your mother: for ſo I meane ſhee ſhall bee, and I tell you, if ſhee thinke well of you, it ſhall bee ne're the worſe

worse for you, and so God bee with you. I will see you againe to morrowe, and if you lacke any thing, let mee knowe it. *Exit.*

Manent. Lodouica. Errinta.

Erin. How now sister? how like you this geere? will it fadge or not? shall wee not laugh at large, to see the olde Coltes fetcht ouer in their kindes?

Lodouica. In truth I could smile to thinke what will fall out, but that I am sorry to see my Father one of the companie.

Er. Why peace foole, is not mine in too? why if they were not all alike, there were no sport, but let vs first pittie our selues, and then them: for if they were not madde they would not let vs runne away with their wittes as they doe.

Lod. Why how so?

Er. Why doe they thinke that wee can loue them for husbands?

Lod. And Why not?

Er. Because it will not be: for if eyther for fashions sake, wee looke soberly, and so seeme twentie yeares elder then wee would bee, to counterfeit the young matron, it goes against the woll howsoeuer wee weare the cloth: and to bee matched to such a peice of flesh, as would choake in the goeing downe or bee neuer digested in the stomacke, were it not better be fasting from such a banquet?

Lod. Come, come, you speake idely: I doe not thinke but were better be an old mas darling, thē a young mans worldling: and yet in truth they are so ill to bee pleased when they are angrie.

Er. Go to sister, to see a toothles chappes sit mumbling of a honie sop, a spectacle eye as red as a Fox run all day on the Rewme, a breath as sweet as garlicke, Belch after his Aquauitie, a gowtie legge with shroncke sinewes, and a stompe foote,

ſoote lapt vp in a loade of clontes, with a palſie hand, and a malmeſie noſe ſit at the Table like the Maiſter beggar of a ſpittle, and then at night before day-light, to leaue good companie with a watch-ſtock two truſſes, at night a cap and two vndercapes of a warning-pan, after a good heat, to be laid in his bed like a log of the Indies: Oh were not this a fine comfort for a young wench? fie, fie, it is a leſt to thinke that young wenches can loue olde feathers, if they had wit, they would know their owne weakenes, and neuer trouble our patience: but let them alone ſiſter, doe as I doe, and wee will haue a day of it, that ſhall bee ſpoken on when wee are dead: ſerue the father and loue the Sonne as I doe, and if they bee not both fitted, blame me.

Lod. I am content, leade the daunce and I will follow, but let vs goe in to lay our heads together for the ſpeedier diſpatch, for *Gianetta* is a mad wench, and her counſaile will not doe amiſſe.

Er. Content but keepe all from our olde miſtris.

Lod. I warrant thee. *Exeunt*

Enter the foure wagges: Filenio, *Rimaldo, Gerillo, Veronte.*

Fil. My maiſters, now to the matter, what is to bee done? will our fathers bee made ſuch old men by the young wenches? what ſaiſt thou *Gerillo*?

Ger. I ſay women haue ſtrange wits in theſe daies, for if they bee diſpoſed to play the wagges, it is not almoſt to bee thought what they can bring to paſſe: how ſay you brother?

Rim. I ſay and knowe it, that nature hath taught them more ſubtilty, then our wits haue vnderſtanding. I thinke *Veronte* you will ſay no leſſe.

Ver. If I ſhould ſay what I haue hearde, I thinke them moſte happie, that haue laſt to doe with them.

Fil. And

Fi. And why so brother?

Ver For that as I haue heard, they haue eies to blind mens, tongues to enchaunt men, hands, to binde men, and some other thinges, that vndoe men.

Rim. Ha, ha, ha!

Fil. Why brother what laugh you at?

Rim. At my brothers opinion of women.

Fil. Why? is hee not in the right?

Rim. Not rightly considered: as hee *Gerillo*?

Ger. Indeede I haue heard they are starres to looke on, Angells to heare, Saints to loue, Goddesses to liue with.

Ver. They! Deuill the bee.

Fi. Whats that? a parenthesis?

Ver. Better for them a foole pointe.

Ger. Well shall I speake a truth, they are as they are vsed: wilfull, thats the best: couetous thats indifferent, and proude and thats the worst.

Fi. Oh but theres a helpe for that.

Ver. As howe?

Fil. Why be as proude as shee, as couetous as shee, as wilfull as shee: if shee frowne I would lowre: if she would scrape I would scratch, and if she would bee gaie, I would bee as garish: for when shee saw her humor once equalled, she would bee quickely out of it.

Ger. Oh but if she (were vnquiet and out of aboundance of little wit) will batter with brawling and scoulding, howe then?

Rim. Oh my fathers lesson, either say nothing to, her that will fret her: or out-scolde her, and that will mad her: or cudgell her, and that will tame her: or keepe her bare, and that will kill her.

Ver. Peace man, then she will either poyson thee, or cut thy throate, or do some other mischiefe vnto thee, or make thy head like Cuckoldes hauen.

Fi. No not awhit brother: for Ile tell you a short and a true tale of a fine Taming of a Bedlam queane who would neuer let her husband be at quiet: and after order taken with her, became the best wife in the world.

Ger. Yea but softe, wilt thou vse thy wife so when thou hast her? (if she put thee to it.)

Fil. Yea as sure as death.

Ver. Then come on, we will all to schoole to thee and haue thy lesson perfect by heart.

Fil. I will tell yee: An honest kinde proper man, neither a beggar, nor of the best purse, but endued with many good quallities, married a wench poore enough, nothing faire and yet proud enough, but so wilfull and with so little wit, that it was out of reason to endure her blacke, if her humor were once crossed.

Vir. Mary God blesse me from such a one.

Fil. She would scolde till she slauerd, and looked blacke in the face, sweare like a ruffin, and curse like a hel-hounde, frowne and leere like a Bearewhelpe, and fling that was next her at her husband, sweare shee loued him not, reuile him out of order: and so grieue him with bitter wordes, it had almost kild him ere hee was aware, but:

Ger. But fie vpon her, but what meanes your, but:

Fil. But the goodman weary of his life, and minding either to mend her or leare her, deuised this tricke for her, learning: one day in the midst of all her madnes, when shee would haue eaten the great Oyster, following her into her chamber, there with his people vpon the sodaine seazed vpon her, and setting her in a chaire, bound her so fast that she could not get out: which done, caused her maides and seruants, & some of his next neighbors, to come into her chamber and to aduise her to patience, and to pray for her.

Ver. Why this would madde her more?

Fil. Why so it did awhile: but, then hee caused the win-

dowes

dowes to be shut, and the chamber to be kept darke, & with a litle waxe-light, warme broathe and a manchet to be set afore her, with a cruze of smal beere, & so fed her like a childe: then the clarke of the Church and his wife, whome she hated, came to giue her good counsaile, & now & than himselfe, and now and than to looke into the Chamber and blesse himselfe and pray for her amendment.

Ver. And did not all this kill her?

Fil. No it brought her into the best life in the worlde: for seeing this resolution to put her to it: either mende or mad, she grew so milde, that within a fewe monthes shee was another woman: the winde of her tongue was so calme, that it would scarce haue mooued an aspin leafe when it had blowen: and thus, what neither counsaile nor crossing could doe, this conclusion brought to passe: and she of a notable scoulde was a most sweet creature.

Ger. A good worke: but Brother *Filenio*, doth not the howre drawe on, that wee must be with our loues?

Fil. Yes indeede doth it, and therefore let vs vse our wenches as wee finde cause, and if we be made as good fooles as many are, say nothing as they doe: but ere wee goe, let vs see our ringes, what is your Inuention? and your woord?

Ger. My inuention is an eye without, and a hart within: my worde *vide, tene*: see and holde.

Fil. Veronte what is yours?

Ver. A diall with a hande for the direction: my worde: *quo tendis*? where you leade mee?

Fi. And yours *Rimaldo*.

Ri. A Sunne: my worde, *Clarior Sol*, brighter then the Sunne. Now what is yours?

Fil. Mine is a world, my woord. *Hic mihi mundus*, heere is my world. *A bell ringes.*

Fil. But harke, the bell ringes, the houre is come let vs away least wee misse our market.

 Ver. Content,

Fer. Content, let vs goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fernando and a Priest with a booke.

Fer. Sir *Lawrence*: you know as wel as I, that heere is nothing so pleasing as secrecie in matters of Loue, and therefore performing your care in this, you may happen doe somewhat for me that shall bee worth a tithe-pigge, and a goose to it.

Priest. *Teneo*, that is I vnderstand your intent, or I haue of hold your minde, or I haue you at my fingers ends: I am for you, sure and secret, and sufficient.

Fer. Then Sir: thus it is, you must ioyne the handes of two louing hearts: my neighbour *Baries* sonne, and Maister Doctors Daughter, to whom, for some priuat reasons: I must be a father.

Prie. *Bene dictum: Amicorum omnia Commune*, one friend will doe for another, it is a *maxime*, in ciuill gouernement: I am willing and readie to doe the endeuour of my function.

Fer. I pray thee leaue thy latine, and in plaine mother-tongue, doe that I will entreate thee to, and be sure of thy reward.

Prie. Sir a Priest without Latine, mary then turne him to the Belferie, and make him a Sexton, but feare not any thing in *facultate mea*, I meane that is in mee: and Sir, for that walles haue eares, and windes whistle daungerously in these daies, I pray you let vs bee going about our businesse, where none may heare vs: but *necessarii*, that is the louers and their likers.

Fer. You say well Sir *Lawrence*, I know we are expected. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brigardo and Bizardo.

Brag. *Bizardo*, is my beard growne to this proportion?

Biz. Yes

Biz. Yes Sir, if it were your naturall, I meane your owne, for it is like your hostesse face.

Brag. Why how is that? weares she not her owne face?

Biz. No Sir her owne is naturally fowle, and her borowed face is artificially faire.

Brag. Why then hath shee two faces?

Biz. Yea, shee hath two, for shee hath three.

Brag. Why, how I pray thee?

Biz. Shee hath first a foule ilfauourd face, then a faire vizard, and then last a blacke face called a maske, which I hold her best face: for till that be off, there is some hope of her face to be in some good forme, but when that is off, oh her long nose, her yellow eies, her great lippes, and her horse lawes, besides her worlde wide mouth makes such a face, as God blesse me from such a face.

Brag. Goe to Sirra, leaue your rayling, shee is an honest wench and my friend, but what saiest thou of my hayre, is it spied?

Biz. No more then the nose on your face: a periwig, a pox on it: and yet I curse to late: for, but for the poxe, it had neuer been vsed; for I haue heard that in olde time, balde men were had in great reuerence, and now so many young followes take them vp, that they are with: many in Sir reuerence.

Brag. Hang rascall, thou art set vpon villanie, but nowe what saiest thou to my perfumed gloues?

Biz. Oh they are but rubd ouer with Lauender, or else it may bee they smell of the paper that I bought the Pepper in, that you had for your vnala.

Brag. Peace slaue, and giue mee a pipe of Tobacco.

Biz. You had neede Sir, for the garlicke you eate to bedward: for your colde is so strong, that you had neede haue somewhat else to kill it.

Brag. Well sir, but heare you mee: I hope you will sticke

to me, to bee reuenged on theſe gallants that haue miſuſed me.

Biz. I Sir, mary God forbid, you are good enough for fifteene of them, and beſides, the Law perhaps will light heauie vpon me, for breaking the peace, while you perhaps may weare out after awhile well enough.

Brag. Thou ſaieſt wel, and wiſely, but yet thou wilt ſtand by for a witneſſe howe I am vſed, and take thine oath vpon the quarrell.

Biz. Yes Sir that I will, and talke to them to.

Brag. Come on then, let vs to Miſtris *Balias*, and boorde the wenches before their faces, that dare croſſe vs, and if wee meete with any of our cheaters, Ile teach them a cheating tricke as long as this cudgell will holde: but what is heere to doe? wine and cakes, and Roſemarie, and Noſe-gaies, what? a wedding?

Enter ſeruants with Noſe-gaies, cakes and wine.

Biz. Yea Sir, a wedding ſure, but will you goe no further?

Brag. Yes marry will I, but I will firſt knowe what they bee, and whence they come. Sirra you with the pot and the buſh, what are you? whence come you, and whither goe you?

Ser. Sir ſnuffe with your huffe, no offence to your ruffe, if you long for the cuffe, I am for you: my buſh and my pot, cares not a groate, for ſuch a lob-coate, farewell *Sinior ſnot.* *Exit.*

Brag. What a raſcall is this? what are you Sirrah with the cakes?

Ser. I am as you ſee Sir? what ſay you to me Sir? if my cakes doe offend you, goe further and mende you?

Brag. What are the knaues madde?

Biz. No but perhappes, as you and I haue been ſome-

what

what merrie in the head with the iuice of the grape: but who comes yonder?

Enter Mistris Balia.

Mist. *Balia.* Good Lord Sir, are you heere? in truth my folkes tould me there was a gallant gentelman at the doore I pray you come in, you shall be my guest: I tell you, you shall finde good company; & you shall be hartily welcome.

Brag. I thanke you heartily: I will waite vpon you. Sirra, giue the gentelwomā a leashe of angells, to buy a sugar loafe: and goe you to the Sunne, and fetch me a gallon of Ipocras.

Boy. I will Sir.

Balia. Come Sir: indeed you are at to much costs; I know not how to make you amends, but I will not be vnthankfull: will it please you leade the way?

Brag. I thanke you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bizardo, with the Vintners boy, Gero. halfe dronke, and the wine.

Biz. Boy is it right?

Boy. Right? Zblud I would you coulde goe right to the house, a pox of your righting.

Biz. Boy it tastes of the Caske.

Boy. Caske? in faith you haue a caske, a rope of such a caske, come will you goe along?

Biz. Boy the pot runnes.

Boy. Come your wit runnes, and your tongue runnes, I would your feete would either runne or goe, and leaue this reeling running.

Bizardo. Boy, it tastes to much of the spice, and the pepper.

Boy. A

Boy. A vengeance pepper such braines, as cannot helpe one draught of Ipocras.

Biz. Boy let me see the pot.

Boy. Come will you walke? you haue pot enough, but looke who is this?

Enter Bragardo without haire or beard. Solus.

Brag. Why how now slaue, what a case art thou in?

Biz. Such a case as you are I hope, what haue you bin in a birdes nest? why how scapt your eyes?

Brag. Oh *Bizardo* Mistris *Balia* hath betrayed me, there was a wedding: and the dogges that the tother day misused me were there, and fell vpon mee, and vsed me as you see, and but that I bestirred me with my curtilax, I had neuer come away aliue, but I will be reuenged on this house.

Enter a Maide with a broome.

Maid. What Rascall is this that keepes such a rayling at my mistris doore, what Captaine Swappes is it you? Ile be with you by and by, Ile haue a medicine for you. *Exit in againe.*

Brag. *Bizardo* let vs be gone, wee shall be betrayed, boy get you home with your pot: Ile send to you anon, or come on with me to my lodging, Ile pay you: goe poore *Bizardo*, Ile beare with thee, for this is not often. *Exeunt.*

Enter Balia with Ferio and the Doctors daughter, and her lone sets them to the Table: then she brings in Bario *and* Ferios *daughter and her lone: then the Lawyer and* Barios *Daughter, and her Boy: and last the Doctor with the Lawyers Daughter and her lone, and the Priest, and sit all together.*

Bal. Gentle men yee are all welcome, blessed bee the day that I haue seene you all together in my house: God blesse

ye

yee all and ſend you ioy one of another. I pray God.

Prieſt. Amen.

Lau. Miſtreſſe *Balia*, I thanke you, but by this meanes you are ridde of your gueſſe and wee of our children.

Bal. Not a whit, not a whit, I hope I ſhal haue them heere many a faire day before, I die yet, If I liue to it.

Bau. Oh but miſtris *Balia*, heere hath been double dealing, how ſay you Maiſter Doctor?

Doct. Mary, I thinke heere hath been treble dealing, what ſay you Maiſter *Ferio*?

Fie. Mary I thinke it hath been a ſong of foure parts: what ſay you Maiſter *Bario*?

Bar. I ſay I know not what to ſay, but we ſing all one tune, what ſay you Miſtris *Erinta*?

Erin. Forſooth I thanke you father?

Bar. Well ſaid wench, thou art ſure enough, of the fathers ſide: I that got thee, hee that gaue thee, and hee by thy huſband ſhall gouerne thee.

Erin. No forſooth father, I haue but one father: though three fathers: you are my onely father in loue, my husbands is in lawe, & maiſter *Dorio* for a church-father, and therefore I beſeech you, as I am your onely Daughter, bee you ſtill my onely father.

Bar. And I will wench, but what ſaieth Miſtris *Iſſabella*?

Iſſa. Aske my father if it pleaſe you, for he frownes ſo, that I feare to ſpeake.

Doct. Speake Ape, I am not angrie, for I know your hand was in this pye.

Iſſa. In truth Sir, the meate was dreſt ere I knew of the dinner, but I hope you will not bee angrie that I tooke my part of good cheere.

Doct. I will not wiſh no man choaked. becauſe I cannot eate, and I can the better faſt, when my friendes beare mee companie: but what ſay you Miſtris *Gianetta*?

Gio. Sir I ſay that age is kinde that pittieth youth, aske Maiſter *Ferio*, if I ſay true or not.

Fer. But youth is ſubtil that deceiueth age, and ſo are you miſtreſſe, if I might ſay what I thinke: but what ſay you miſtreſſe *Lodonica*?

Lod. I ſay that flowers and froſtes cannot agree, but nature hath her pleaſures and witt her deuiſes, and I hope where youth is kinde, age will be comfortable.

Fer. Like enough, but a froſt in the ſpring may nip a flower in the bud, and Nature without reaſon may haue wit without diſcreſion, and age being deceiued, may ſmile at youthe diſeaſed: but doe you remember your faith and troth, *Lod.* yes, I had giuen it my husband before, and he would not part with it in any wife.

Ferio Maiſter *Bario*, I ſee it is invaine, to talk to the wenches, they wil haue it if they ſet on it: if they die for it, and they ſhall haue it for me: they haue their Loues, the Boyes haue our handes and we haue the whirligige I gaue your Daughter to his ſonne.

Fi. And I yours to his.

Doct. And I y ours

Doct. And I yours.

Fi. And this was my ſonne and your daughter.

Bar. And this was my Daughter and your ſonne.

Doct. And this ſhall bee my ſonne and Daughter.

Dor. And this is my Daughter and my Sonne, and therefore ſince the wenches by their wits haue couſned vs of our wealthe, and our Boies, for ſhame let vs giue them ſomewhat, for they are not yet beholding to vs.

Fer. Begin and ile followe.

Doct. And I.

Bario. And I.

Doct. Come on then boyes and wenches, your hands are faſt enough alreadie, now let vs holde handes together: when

wee die: they shall haue our Landes, and goods: and while wee liue our kinde loues: and so God send them as their hearts can wish, and vpon this, as many as clap handes.

Fi. Amen, Amen, this night, I well entreate you all to my house, to morrow I am at your direction. *Exeunt.*

Enter Epilogus.

MY Maisters heere is a feast spoken of, and a company biddē, but let me tel you, their houses are so farre hēce, & their meate scarce: yet far from the market, so that I assure you, I doe shrewdly doubt, that either your stomakes will be gone ere the meate bee ready, or else there will be so many that their will not be enough for the third parte, that will bee there, and therefore, to auoide all inconueniences, I would wish you all that either haue any meate at home or are bidden to yeelde pertinacities, not to leaue your supper in expectation of a banquet in verse, yet if this that you haue heard haue any thing pleased the taste of your kinde vnderstāding, that with a poesie of contentment, you will giue a plaudite to our conceites.

Exit.

FINIS.